

7. Study book  
K. 2. g. 16

# THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

## COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their *Majesties Theatres*; and at the *Conforts* in  
*Viller-street* in *York-Buildings*, and in *Charles-street*  
*Covent-Garden*.

WITH A

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed

A *Collection* of *Aires*, Composed for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

### THE FIRST BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebut. And are to be Sold by John Carr, at  
the *Middle-Temple Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and by John Money, Stationer at the Miter  
in Miter Court in *Fleet-street*. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1693.



## A Table of SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	Page.	O	Page.
<i>Ah Friends, how happy are we here, And in each Track of Glories,</i>	8	<i>Of noble Race was Shinking,</i>	20
B		S	
<i>Beauty first the heart inspires,</i>	5	<i>Such command o're my Fate,</i>	12
D		T	
<i>Down, down with Bacchus,</i>	38	<i>Tho' you make no return to my Passion,</i>	1
E		<i>Tell me no more, no more I am deceiv'd,</i>	2
<i>'Ere Time had run so long a Race,</i>	25	<i>'Tis pity Myrtilla you shou'd be a Wife,</i>	3
F		<i>To Convent Streams, or shady Groves,</i>	6
<i>Fye Jocky never prattle meer so like a Loon,</i>	16	<i>Tell me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex,</i>	11
<i>Fond Virgins run into the Snare,</i>	17	<i>That scornfull Sylvia's Chains I wear,</i>	13
H		<i>The Queen of Beauty lov'd a Swain,</i>	18
<i>How long must Women wish in vain,</i>	28	<i>To yonder Sweet delicious Shade,</i>	21
I		W	
<i>Jack, Whither so fast?</i>	7	<i>What beastly to drink! that's a jest,</i>	9
<i>I wonder what those Lovers mean,</i>	24	<i>Why wonders beauteous Cloris,</i>	14
		<i>Where Phœbus with his kindest look,</i>	22

## A Table of the Flute-Tunes in two parts.

<i>Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. King. P. 30, 31, 32, 33.</i> <i>Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Godfrido Finger, and</i>	<i>Mr. John Banister. P. 34, 35.</i> <i>Aires for 2 Flutes by Mr. Keen P. 36, 37.</i>
--	--



T O

Thomas Drax, Esquire.

S I R,

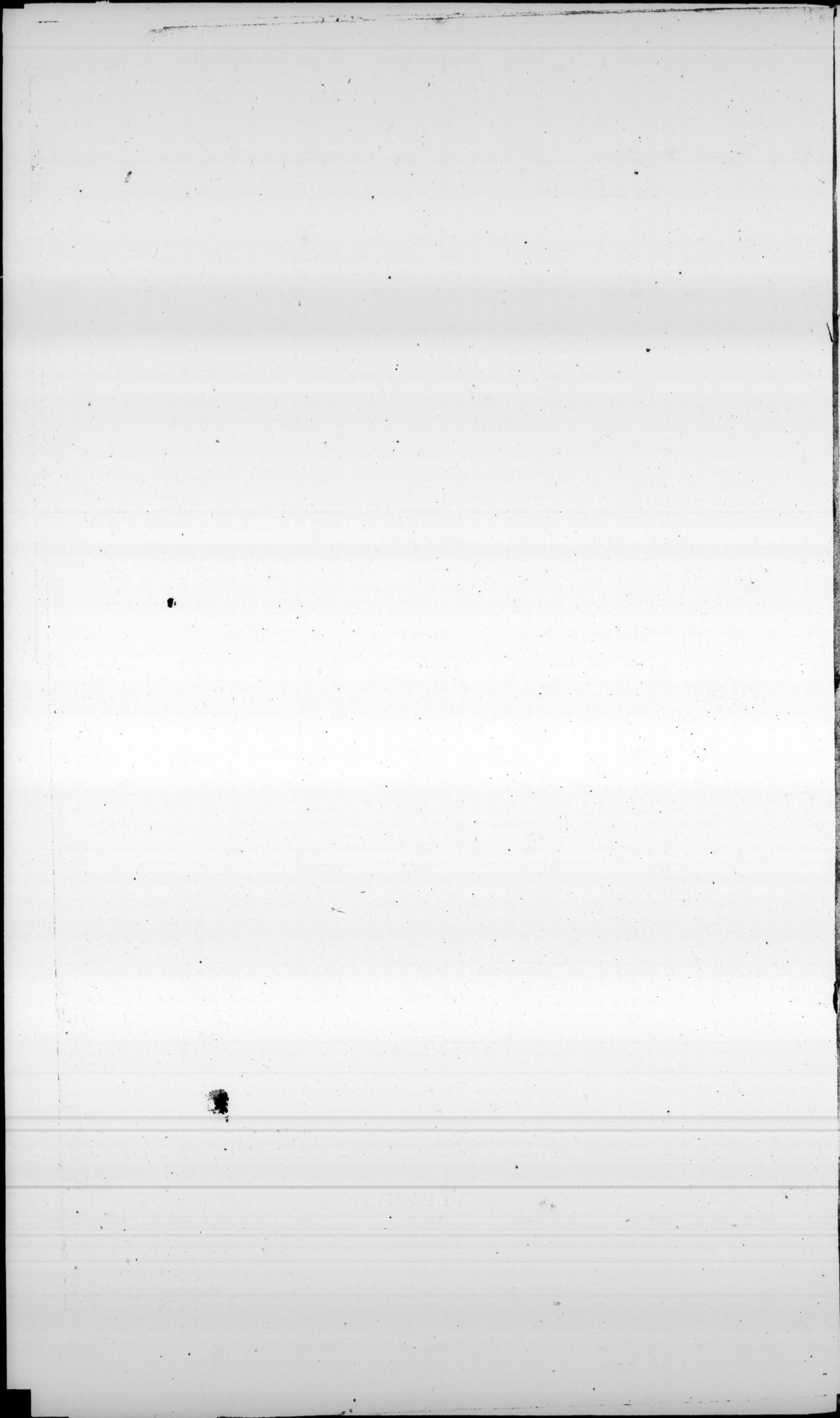
**B***Y the advice and assistance of some Eminent Masters of Musick, whom I have great reason to believe my very good Friends, and by some Care and Industry of my own, I have Collected this small Volume, which I find wants nothing but your Name to Recommend it to the Musical part of the World; the Sence of this Encourages me (but with all Humility imaginable) to beg your Protection of it, since none (especially who have had Gentleman-like Education) will be so unmannerly as to oppose what a Person of your Sense and Merit has Vouchsaf'd to Patronise. I am not unsensible how Ridiculous an attempt of Panegyrick would appear in me, who am altogether as unfit for it, as to perform in a Consort of Musick, but this I must beg leave to affirm, that if Persons of your Rank and Sphere, not only condescend to be Patrons of the Sons of Apollo, but to be Performers also, we have all the ground imaginable to be assured, that our Island will be as famous for Excellent Compositions and admirable Performances in Musick, as Rome the long acknowledg'd Mistress of the World. Now Sir I must beg if you should find any Errors that you would not Impute them to the want of Skill in the Masters, but either to mine or the Printers oversight, who do not pretend to Infallibility. But this I need not have mention'd, since I know you are so Generous as to Connive at such faults, and I hope you will Pardon this presumption of*

Your already infinitely oblig'd,

And most humble Servant,

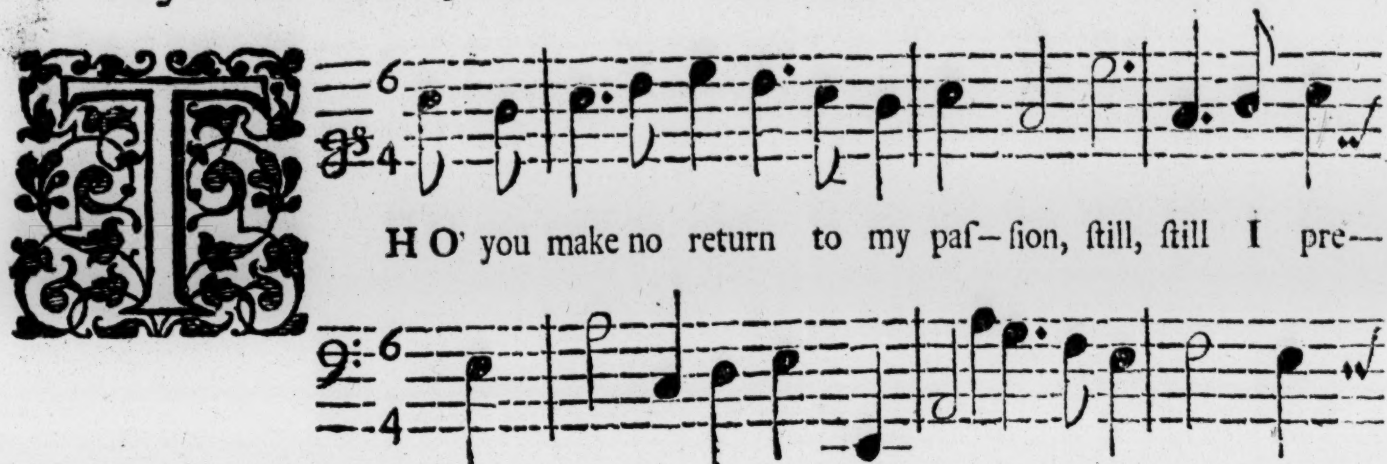
John Hudgebutt.







The first Song in the Maids last Prayer,  
by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.



H O' you make no return to my pas-sion, still, still I pre—



—sume to a —dore; 'tis in Love but an odd re—pu—ta—tion, when faintly re—




—puls'd, to give o're. When you talk of your Duty, I gaze on your




Beauty, nor mind the dull maxime at all: Let it reign in *Cheapside*, with a




Ci—tizens Bride; it will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at







II.  
What Apocryphal Tales are you told,  
By one who would make you beleive,  
That, because of *to have and to hold*,  
You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve.  
'Twere apparent high Treason,  
'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,  
Should one such a Treasure engross:  
He who knows not the Joys,  
That attend such a Choice,  
Should resign to another who does.

The 2d. Song in the Maids last Prayer, Sung  
by Mrs. Ayloff.



T E L L me no more, no more I am de — ceiv'd, that Cloe's false, that Cloe's



false and common: by Heav'n I all a — long beleiv'd she was, she was a ve — ry,



ve — ry, Wo — man.

As such I lik'd, as such ca — rest, she still, she



still was con — stant when pos — selt; she cou'd, she cou'd, she cou'd, she







could do more for no man.



2d. Stanza.



But oh! but oh her thoughts on o—thers ran, and that you think, and



that you think a hard thing; per—haps she fan—cy'd you the Man, why



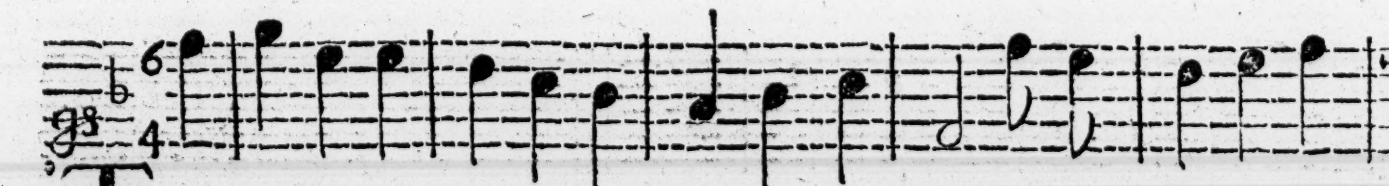
what care I, why what care I one Far—thing. You say she's



false, I'm sure she's kind, I'll take, I'll take her Bo—dy, you her



Mind; who, who, who has the better Bar—gain?



**I** S pit—ty Myr—til—la you shou'd be a Wife, to be made a mere







slave and a drudge all thy life; to throw all thy freedom and



pleasures a — way, change the joys of Command for the curse of O —



—bey: Be un — ea — sy a — broad 'cause home you must come, to be



plagu'd all the night with a fumbling hum — drum, with a fum, fum, fum,



fumbling, with a fumbling hum — drum.

By Mr. Akeroyd.





The Words by Mr. Jo. O.

BEAU-TY first the heart In—spires, e—qual flames en—

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests, with some notes marked with a star or a dot.

[illegible]

—crease the fires; Mu—tual loves have mu—tual blisses, hearts a—

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a double bar line and various note values, including quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final note.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note values, rests, and a final double bar line. The handwriting is in a historical style, with some notes having stems and flags. The staff is a single line with a clef-like symbol at the beginning.

—greed the same soft wi—shes; Still de—fire—ing, still re—

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a five-line staff. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half), and B3 (half). There are some additional markings above the staff, possibly indicating fingerings or ornaments.

A handwritten musical score on a single five-line staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values such as minims, crotchets, and quavers, along with rests and bar lines. There are some unusual markings, including a cross-in-square symbol and a double bar line with repeat dots. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age.

— qui — ring, looking still, and still ad — — — mire — ing.

Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*

## II.

Some dear pleasing Raptures roul,  
Alike about each ravish'd Soul;  
True Lovers wishes are not cloy'd,  
The object ne're so oft enjoy'd.  
Still, &c.

### III.

Free from Troubles, free from harms,  
Full of Honour, full of charms;  
Bless these pairs ye Gods above,  
Crown their hearts with lasting Love.  
Still, &c.

C





—fin'd, and from Au—gus—ta, from Au—gus—ta far re—



—move, ———— since hand—some and un—kind:



Let her not range nor plea—sures take, in Town which



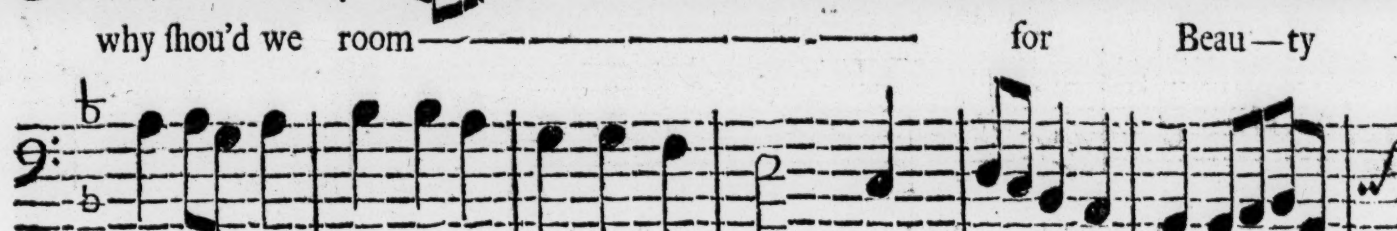
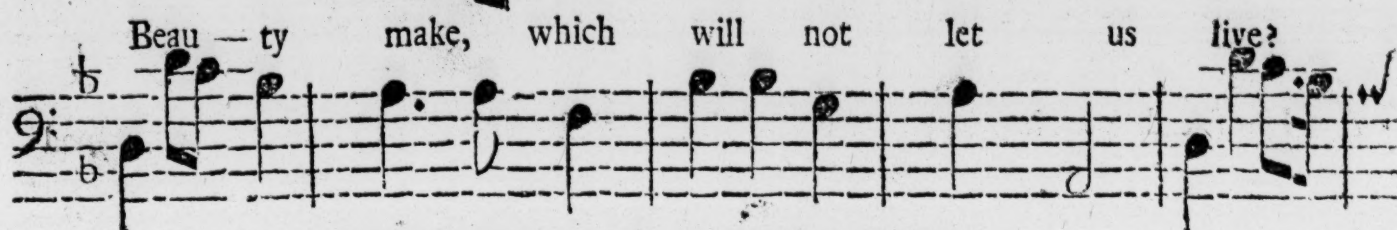
no ———— ne will give; why shou'd we



room for Beau—ty make, why, why shou'd we room for







Set by Mr. Ralph Courtivil.

### A Catch for 3. Voices, by Mr. King.



**J**ACK, whither so fast? To the Devil; where shou'd I? I'm not in such



hast to go thither. A — dieu t'ye; I hope to in — treague yet many a



year, and Whore in a — bundance be — fore I come there; May you al —



— ways be damn'd to the Hell of a Punck, while I at the Devil



get Hea — ven — ly Drunk.



A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Akeroyde*.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a variety of note values: eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and quarter notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and a final double bar line. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

A H friends how hap - py are we here, blest with good Drink, blest with good

**A** H friends how hap—py are we here, blest with good Drink,

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a variety of note values: quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. There are also rests and a final double bar line. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

Drink, and with good Cheer; we're crown'd with joys a——bove all

A single line of handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 9/8. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The notation is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

blest with good Drink, and with good Cheer ; we're crown'd with joys a—bove all

measure, in War we fear to lose our life, in Love, in Love ther's

measure, in War we fear to loose our life, in Love, in Love, ther's

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and a few rests. A double bar line is present towards the end of the staff. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

jea-lou-sy and streif, by Trade, and play we lose our Treasure.

jea—lou—fy and strief, by Trade, and play we loose our Treasure.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several measures with notes of varying durations, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes. There are also rests and a cross symbol (X) used as a musical notation element. The handwriting is in a historical style, likely from a 17th or 18th-century manuscript.

But here, but here, un — less our Bowl should fall, and some mis- chance should

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, likely a bass clef. The notation includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat), indicated by a 'b' symbol. The staff contains a sequence of notes and rests, including quarter notes, eighth notes, and a dotted quarter note. The notes are written in a cursive, handwritten style.

But here, but here, unless our Bowl should fall, and some mis-chance should





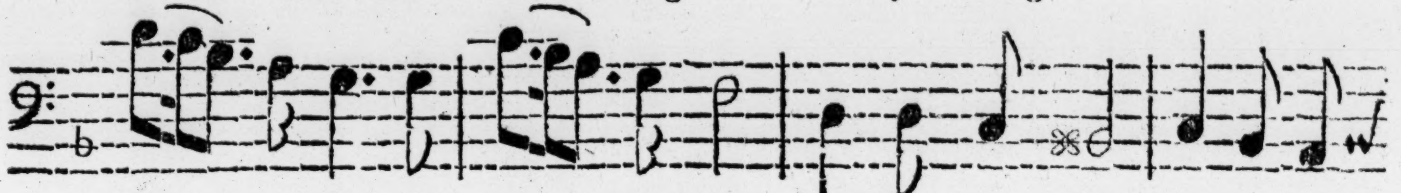
spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but here un—



spill it all, nothing can e—ver baulk our pleasure, but



—less our Bowl shou'd fall, nothing can baulk, nothing can baulk,



here un—less our Bowl shou'd fall nothing can baulk, nothing can



nothing can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.



baulk, can baulk, can baulk our pleasure.

## A Song for 2. Voices, Sc. by Mr. Robert King.



**W**HAT Beastly to drink! that's a jest, that's a jest, I'll not bear it;



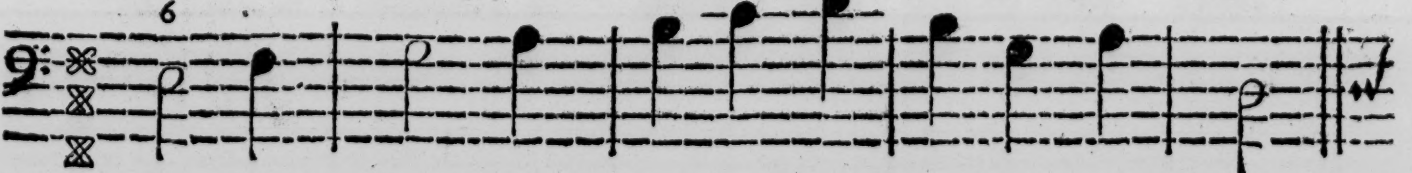
**W**HAT Beastly to drink! that's a jest, I'll not bear it; un—



un—less you'll de—mon—strate Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



—less you'll de—monstrate, de—monstrate Beasts e—ver drink Claret:



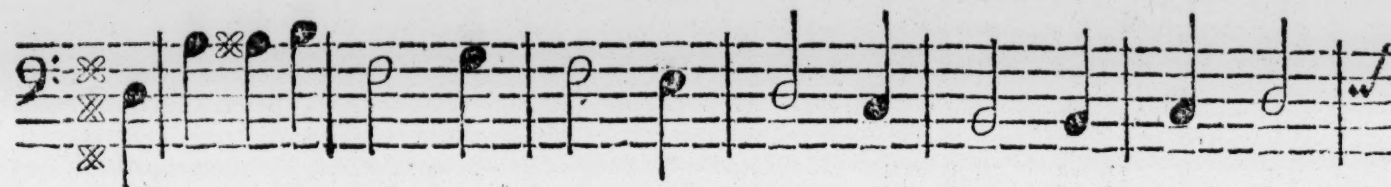




But hang't 'tis a fol-ly to make a dif-pute, 'tis the



But hang't 'tis a fol-ly, a fol-ly to make a dif-pute, 'tis the dull sober,



dull so-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink



dull so-ber Sot, that is real-ly the Brute, for while we drink Wine, for



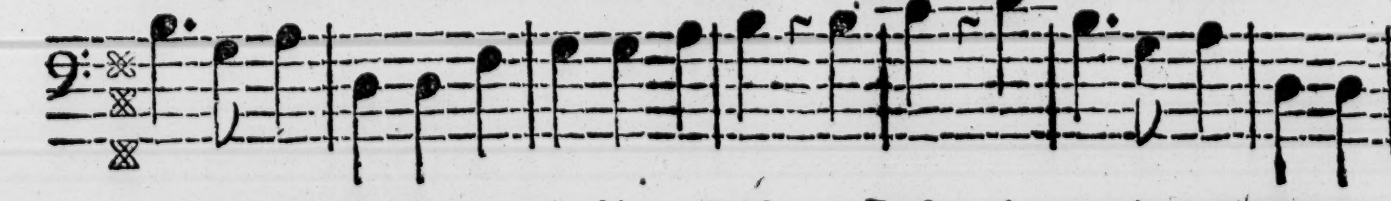
Wine, for while we drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



while we drink Wine, drink Wine, let all men hereafter proclaim him a Beast that



on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.



on-ly drinks Water, proclaim him a Beast, a Beast, who on-ly drinks Water.







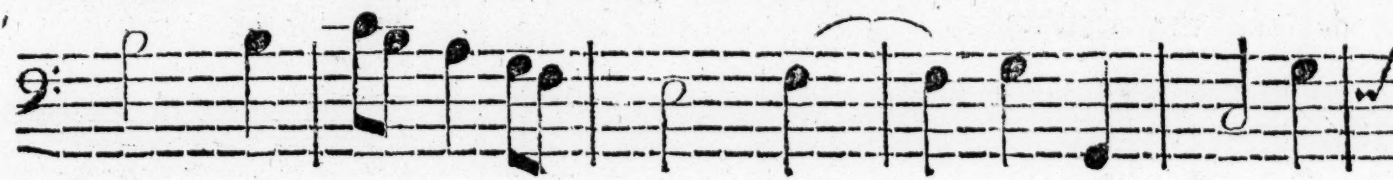
**T**ELL me thou fairest of all thy whole Sex, why so much good nature poor



hearts doth per-plex; The un-grate-full be-trays me with hopes in my



sleep, but when the Dreams gone my heart's rea-dy to break; This



Charming sweet Creature hath a Soul so re-fin'd, that I'de give

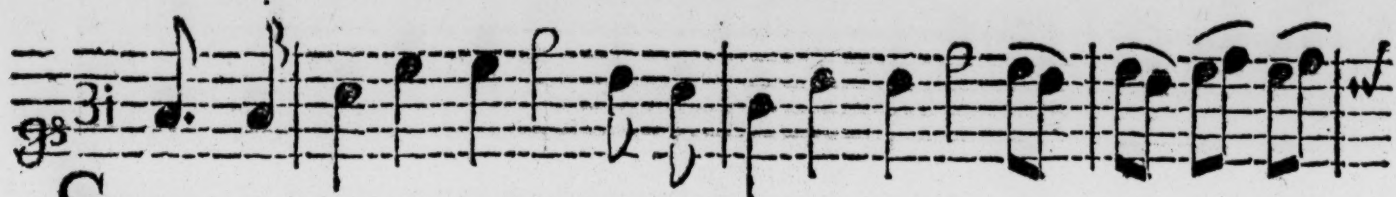


all the world that we were of one mind.

Set by Dr. Staggins.







SUCH command o're my Fate, has your Love or your Hate, that no-thing can



make me more wretched or great: Whilst expecting I lye to Live, or to Dye, thus



doubtfull the sentence of such I re-ly, your Tongue bids me goe, tho' your



eyes say not so, but much kinder words from their language do flow.




Set by Mr. Tho. Tallot.

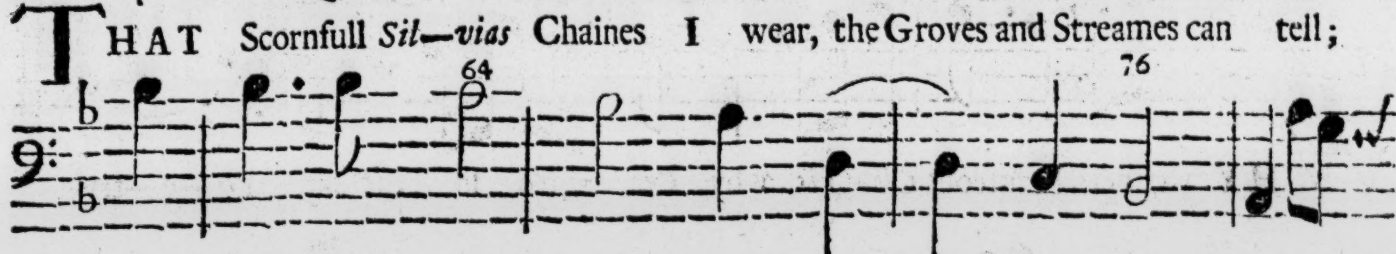

## II.

Then leave me not hear thus between hope and fear,  
 Tho' your Love cannot come let your Pitty appear;  
 But this my request you must grant me at least,  
 And more I'll not ask but to you leave the rest;  
 If my Fate I must meet let it be at your Feet,  
 Death there with more joy than elsewhere I wou'd greet.







**T**HAT Scornfull *Sil—vias* Chaines I wear, the Groves and Streames can tell;


Those blasted with my Sighs ap—pear, these with my Tears, my Tears o're swell:



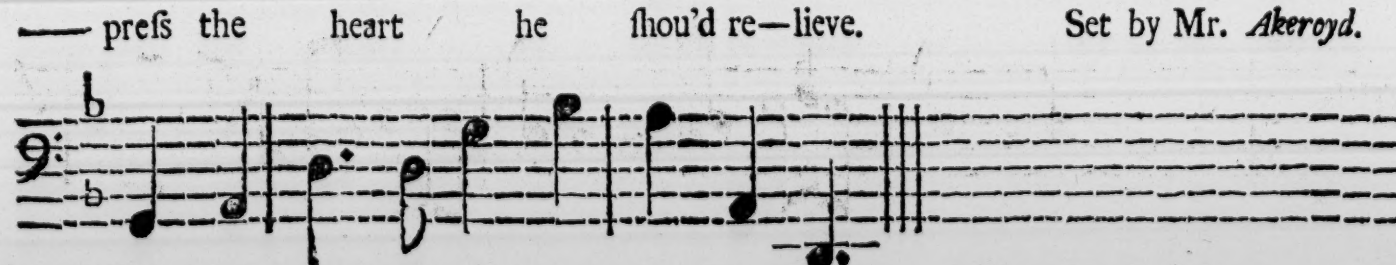

But Sighs and Tears bring no re—dress, and Love that




fees, that fees me greive, con—spires with *Sil—via* to op—

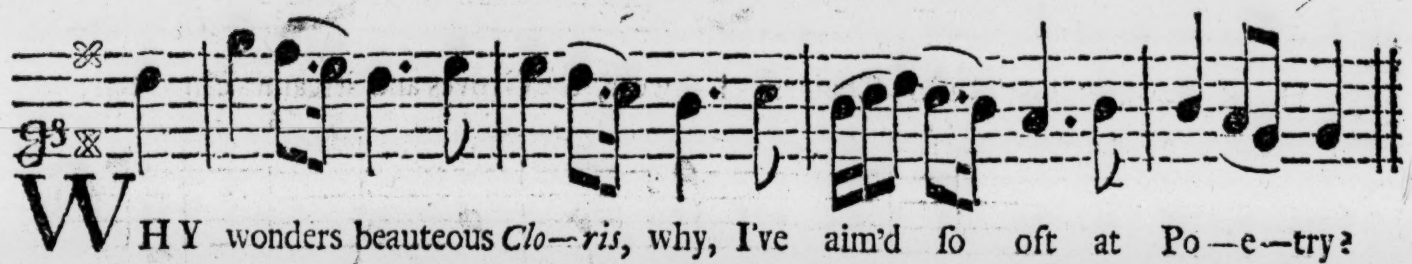



—press the heart he shou'd re—lieve. Set by Mr. *Akeroyd*.





[ 14 ]  
A Song Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*. The  
Words by Sir *Ed. S.*







—las at least, when e're my Eyes doe on her feast: why wonders



beauteous Clo-ris, why, I've aim'd so oft at Po-e-try; and in that Hea—



—ven my rap—tures be im—prov'd by her di—vi—ni—ty? why



wonders beauteous Clo—ris, why, I've aim'd so much at Po—e—try?



II.

Translated thus to Heavens blest Shore,  
I cease to be the thing before;  
And in those hallow'd Plains receive,  
Rewards too great for Earth to give;  
Then *Cloris* can you so admire,  
At what you only, you Inspire;  
The mighty wonders of whose Eyes,  
Produce your *Strephons* Rhapsodies.



A Song in the *Richmond* Heireft, or a Woman once  
in the Right.

— Y E *Jocky* never prattle meer so like a Loon, no Rebel e're shall garr my heart to

Love; Sawny was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gone, and Jenny'd in her

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. There are double bar lines indicating measures. The paper is aged and slightly yellowed.

Daddy's way with muckle joy shall move: Laugh at the Kirk A-po-fles,

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 9/8. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and a double bar line. There are some markings that look like 'x' or 'o' on the staff.

and the canting Swarms, and fight with bonny Lad that love their Monarchy and

[illegible]

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff of the song. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first phrase.

King; then *Jenny* fresh and blith, shall take thee in her Arms, and give thee

[illegible]

twenty kisses, and perhaps a better thing.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on the top staff, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment, starting with a quarter note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B-flat3, and a quarter note G3. The system ends with a double bar line.



A Song for 2 Voices, Set by Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde*.  
The Words by Mr. *Jo. O.*



FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare:



FOND Virgins run in—to the snare, false Men to catch their hearts pre—pare:



With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



With bro—ken Oaths and Vows be—tray'd, they wou'd complain, but are a—



—fraid; and each that Lifts her self for a Wife, is doom'd to



—fraid; and each that Lifts her self, a Wife is doom'd to



praise, is doom'd, is doom'd to praise the care—full life.



praise is doom'd to praise the care—full life.

II

Praise the carefull life,  
The Nymph she is both gay and wise,  
The tempting Bait discreetly flies;  
She loves her self, she loves her friend,  
She looks for joys and has her end;  
She only can her freedom boast,  
Which when resign'd is ever lost.



A Pastoral Dialogue by Mr. Jo. O. Set by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

*Thirsis.*

**T**HE Queen of Beau—ty lov'd a Swain, and le—ft her

throne a—bove; To sport it on the hum—ble plain, and re—

—vel, and re—vel, and re—vel—i

*Flor.*

—n his Love. But what's the Wanton Queen to me, my—

*Thris.*

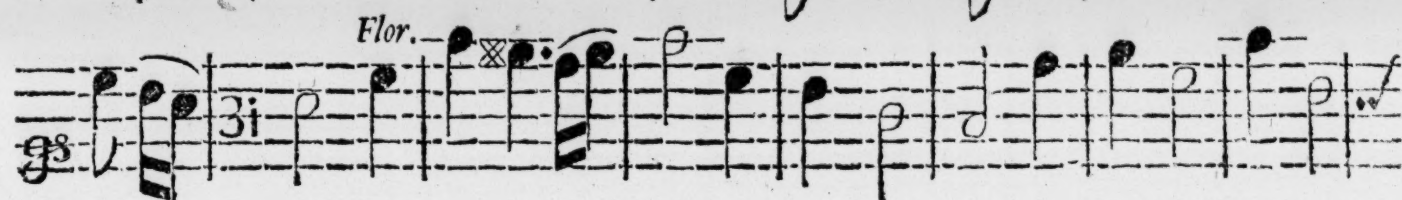
I shou'd play the fool: Were Reason, cruel Nymph, your guide, as you mis—

647





—take it is, you wou'd not glo—ry in your pride, nor shun Loves



faced blifs. My nu-me-rous Flocks are more than thine, my Fleeces fi—ner



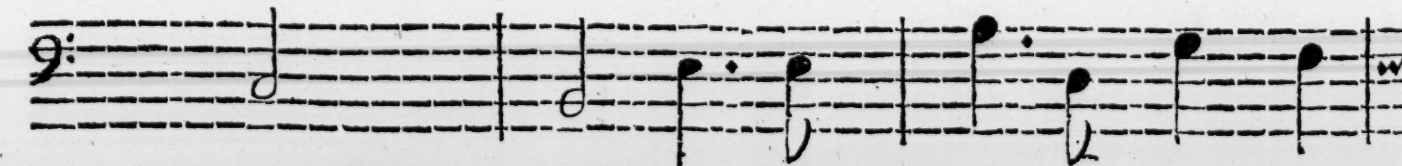
Wooll; The herds that yon—der graze are mine, my Barnes are al—so full;



But mine o—h! fates are thine of store, my



herds, my flocks but few; I plead my Love I ask no



more, since love does a—ll sub—due.



Turn over to the CHORUS.

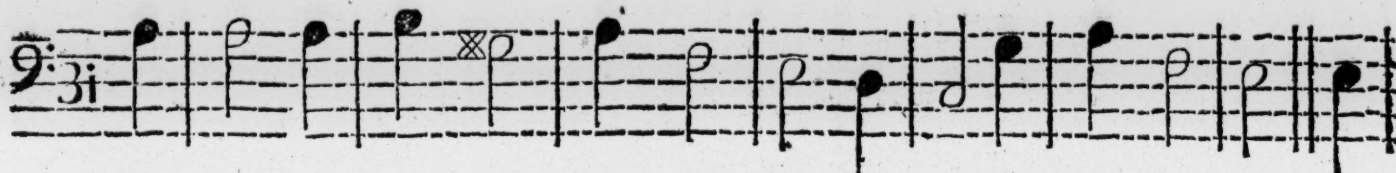


CHORUS.



Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There

CHORUS.



Then let's to yon—der Grove re—move, the coolest of the plain: There



sing the Charms of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

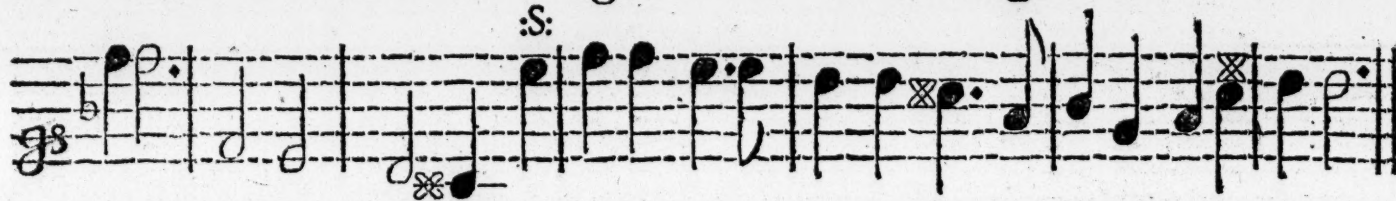


sing the Charms of mu—tual love, so to our Flocks a—gain.

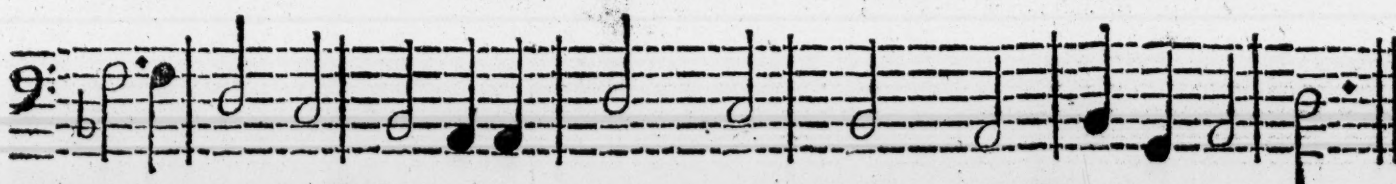
A Song in the *Richmond* Heirest, or a Woman once in the Right.



OF no—ble Race was Shinking, ——— The Line of Omon



Tudor, thum,thum,thum,thum, But her renown is fled and gone, since cruel Love persu'd her.



II.

Fair Winnies Eyes bright shining,  
And Lilly breasts Alluring ;  
Poor Jenkins heart with fatal Dart,  
Have wounded past all curing.

III.

Her was the prettyest Fellow  
At Foot-ball, or at Crickett ;  
At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,  
Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.

IV.

But now all joy's are flying,  
All pale and wan her Cheeks too ;  
Her heart so akes, her quite forsakes,  
Her Herrings, and her Leeks too.

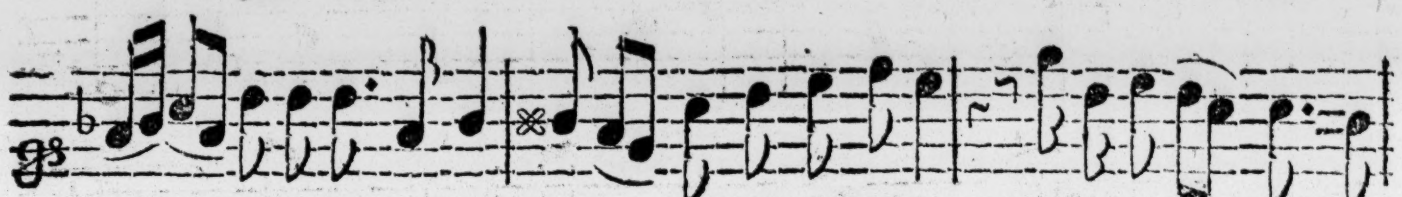
V.

No more must dear Metheglin,  
Be top'd at good *Mongomery* ;  
And if Love fore, finart one week more,  
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flomery.





**T**O yon—der sweet de—li—cious shade, lovely *Silvia* let's retire ;



careles—ly on Roses lay'd, loose to ev'ry warm desire, loose to e—very warm de—



—fire, loose to e—v'ry warm de—fire. Let us wanton lau



—ug and play, lau—gh and play, kifs and



sing the hours a—way, kifs and sing the hours a—way, kifs and sing the



hours a—way, kifs and sing the hours a—way.





A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words  
by Mr. *Heningham*. Set by Mr *R. Courtiville*.

W HERE *Phæbus* with his kindest, kind —

est, kind est look vi — fits his Neighbours a —

ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,

this Beau — tious Nymph, forlook to en — ter — tain and warm us

here, here, here, to en — ter — tain and warm us here, where *Phæbus*



here: So the sweet Cho—rif—ters of Air, who long have felt his

6 3

for ————— ching heat, to

6

Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair, to Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair; and

6 6 3 6 4 3

there in sha— des their Songs re—peat, and there in sha—

76 6 5 7 6 3 6

des, and there, and there in shades, in

shades their Songs re—peat, and there, and there in shades, in sha—

6

6



A Song on the *Italian* Woman, The Words  
by Mr. *Heningham*. Set by Mr *R. Courtiville*.

W HERE *Phæbus* with his kindest, kind ————

est, kind est look vi - fits his Neighbours a ————

ll the year; that place this Beautious Nymph, this Beautious,

this Beau ——— tious Nymph, forlook to en — ter — tain and warm us

here, here, here, to en — ter — tain and warm us here, where *Phæbus*





here:

So the sweet Cho—rif—ters of Air, who long have felt his



for

ching heat, to



Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair, to

Sylvian Scenes of Woods re—pair; and



there in sha—des their Songs re—peat, and there in sha—



des, and there, and there in shades, in



shades their Songs re—peat, and there, and there in shades, in sha—







des their Songs repeat, re—peat, re—peat their



Songs re—peat, re—peat.



I wonder what those Lovers mean, who say, they have giv'n, they have giv'n their



hearts a way: Some good kind Lo—ver tell me how, for mine is



but a tor—ment now; some good kind Lo—ver tell me, how, for



mine is but a tor—ment now.



II

If so it be one place both hearts contain,  
For what, for what do they complain;  
What Courtesies can Love do more,  
Then to joyn hearts that were parted before;  
What Courtesies can Love do more,  
Than to joyn hearts that were parted before!

Set by Mr. John Barrett.



## A Scotch Song set by Mr. Robert King.



E'RE Time had run so long a race, when *Whl — ly* gan 'en - trea - ty, then



I'ze was thought a bon — ny Lafs, and call — ed wondrous pretty:



But af — ter Wedlock — knot was wove, and the Lad my Charms had worn, he



curs'd my ea — sy yeilding Love, and wish'd he had had my scorn,



and wish'd he had had my scorn.





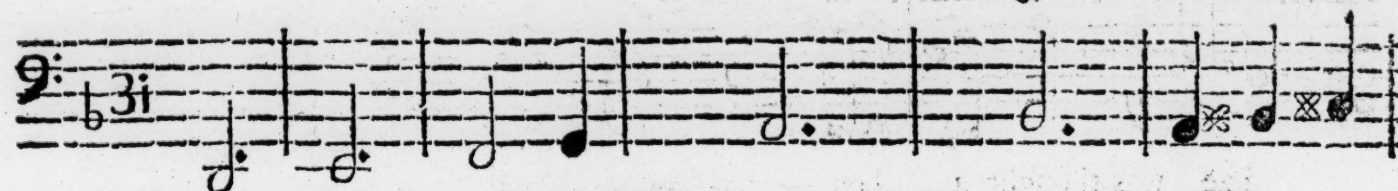
[ 26 ]  
A Song for two Voices by Mr. Henry Purcell.



AND in each track of Glo ————— ry, since



And in each track of Glo ————— 67



and in each track of Glo ————— ry since,



————— ry, since of Glo ————— ry, since



for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that



for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that



hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran--ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own



hate, that hate Romes Ti-ran--ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own







Roy-al-ty; none were more ready, none were more rea—dy, none, none,



Roy-al-ty; none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more,



none, none, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to fave, no, none were more



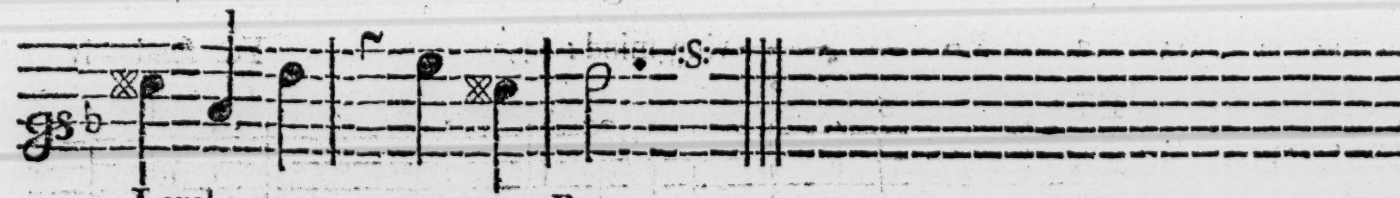
ready, none were more ready in—dif—trefs to fave, none were more



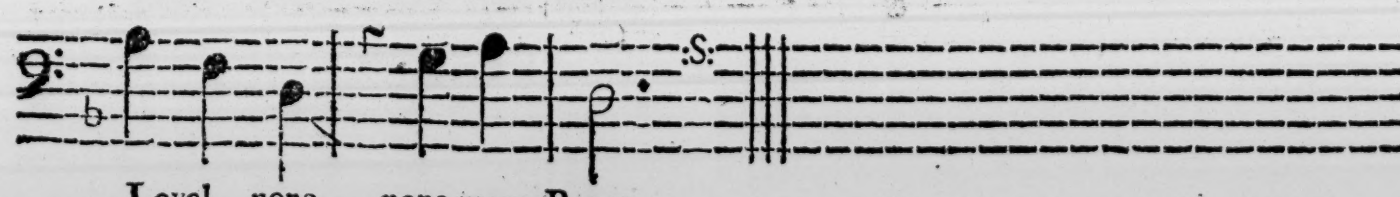
Loyal, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



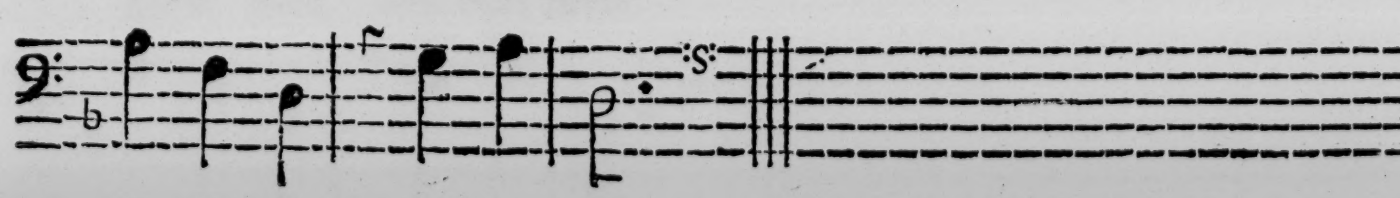
Loyal none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more



Loyal none, none more Brave.



Loyal none, none more Brave.





How long must Women wish in vain, a con\_\_\_\_\_stant

How long must We—men wish in vain—a constant

Love to find: No art can Fickle Man re—

Love to find? no art can fic-kle, can fic-kle Man re——

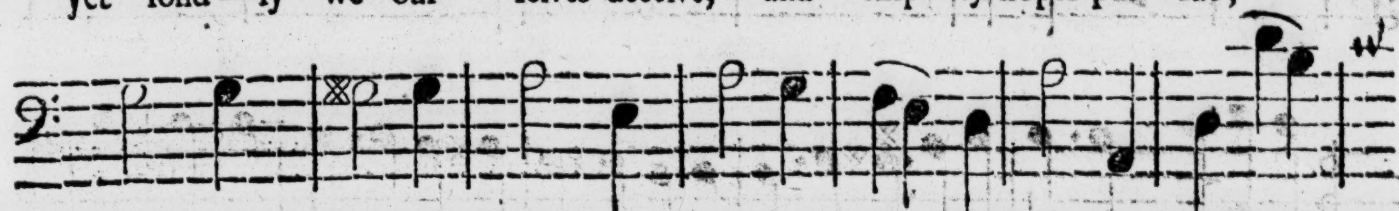
tain, or fix a Ro—ving mind: Yet fond—ly we,

tain, or fix a Ro———ving mind: Yet fond—ly





yet fond—ly we our selves deceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue;



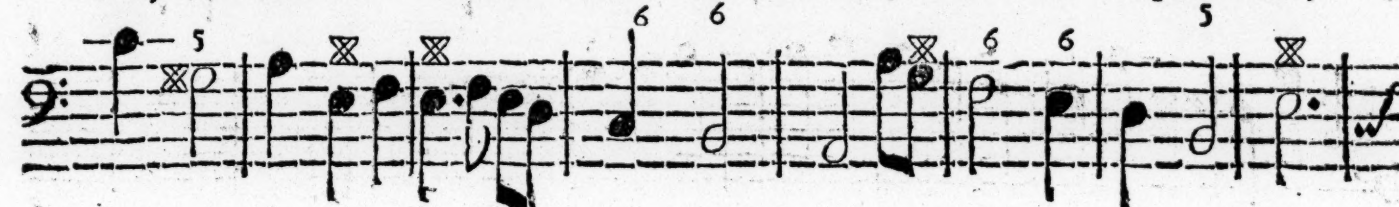
we our selves, our selves de—ceive, and emp—ty hopes pur—sue, Tho'



Tho' false to o—thers, we be—lieve they will to us prove true,



false, tho' false to o—thers we be—lieve they will to us prove true,



tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to



Tho' false to o—thers, tho' false to o—thers,



others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.



others, we be—lieve they will to us prove true.





[ 30 ]  
First Treble.

( 1. )



( 2. )



( 3. )





( 1. )

Second Treble.



( 2. )



( 3. )





[ 32 ]  
First Treble.

( 4. )



( 5. )



( 6. )



( 7. )





( 4. )

## Second Treble.



( 5. )



( 6. )



( 7. )





( 8. )

First Treble.



( 9. )



( 10. )



( 11. )





Second Treble.

( 8. )



( 9. )



( 10. )



( 11. )





( 12. )

First Treble.



( 13. )



( 14. )





[ 37 ]

( 12. )

Second Treble.



( 13. )



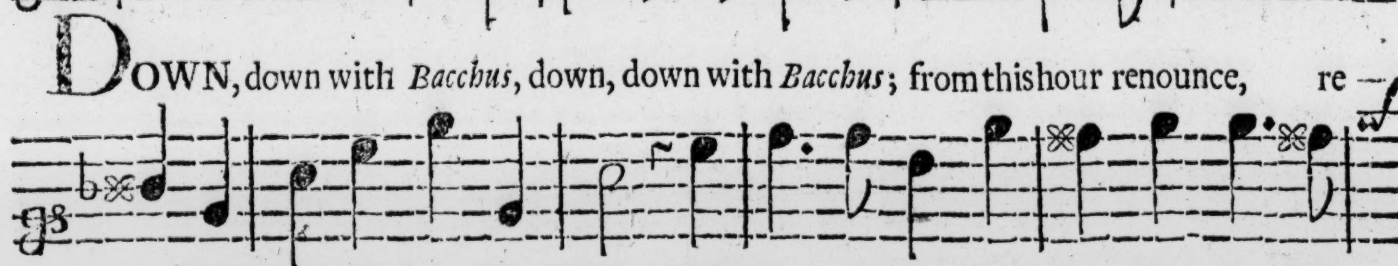
( 14. )



L



[ 38 ]  
A Catch for 3 Voices. By Mr. H. Purcell.



—nouncethe Grapes Ty-ran--nick pow'r; whilst in our large, our large Con--fe--d'rate



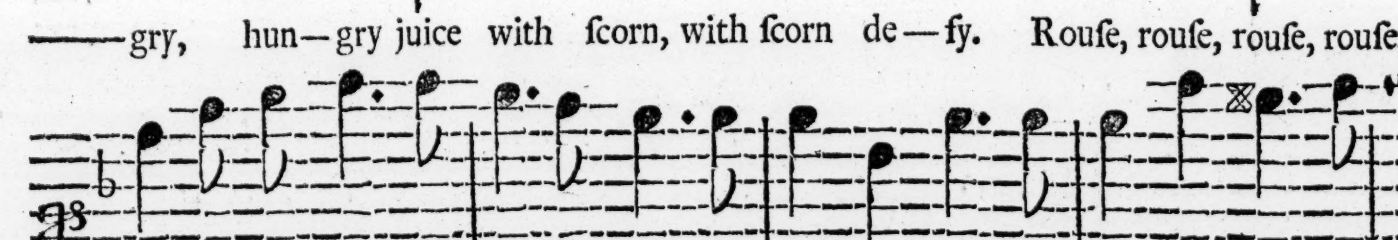
Bowl, and mingling Vertue, mingling Ver--tue, chear the Soul. Down



with the *French*, down with the *French*, march on to *Nantz* for whose, for whose dear



fake weel con-quer *France*; and when, when th'inspiring Cups swell high, their hun —



rouse Royal Boyes, your Forces joyn, to rout, to rout the *Monsieur* and his



Wine; then, then, then, then the next year, our Bowl shall be quaff'd, quaff'd



un--der the Vines in *Bur-gun*—dy.

F I N I S.





